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# Sold by His Wife in Mexico!

## THE BARD OF MOUNT MADONNA.

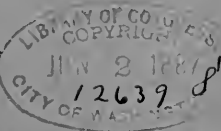
"Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing;  
How many tales to please me hath she coined  
Doubting my love, the loss whereof still fearing;  
Yet, in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings."

*Shakspeare.*

"That nameless torture may be called a hell,  
Where more is felt than one hath power to tell."— *Shakspeare.*  
But more of Etta's doings will be sung  
Soon as my pent-up rage can find a tongue.

"Women's feet still go astray,  
If to ill they know the way."

*Wentworth*



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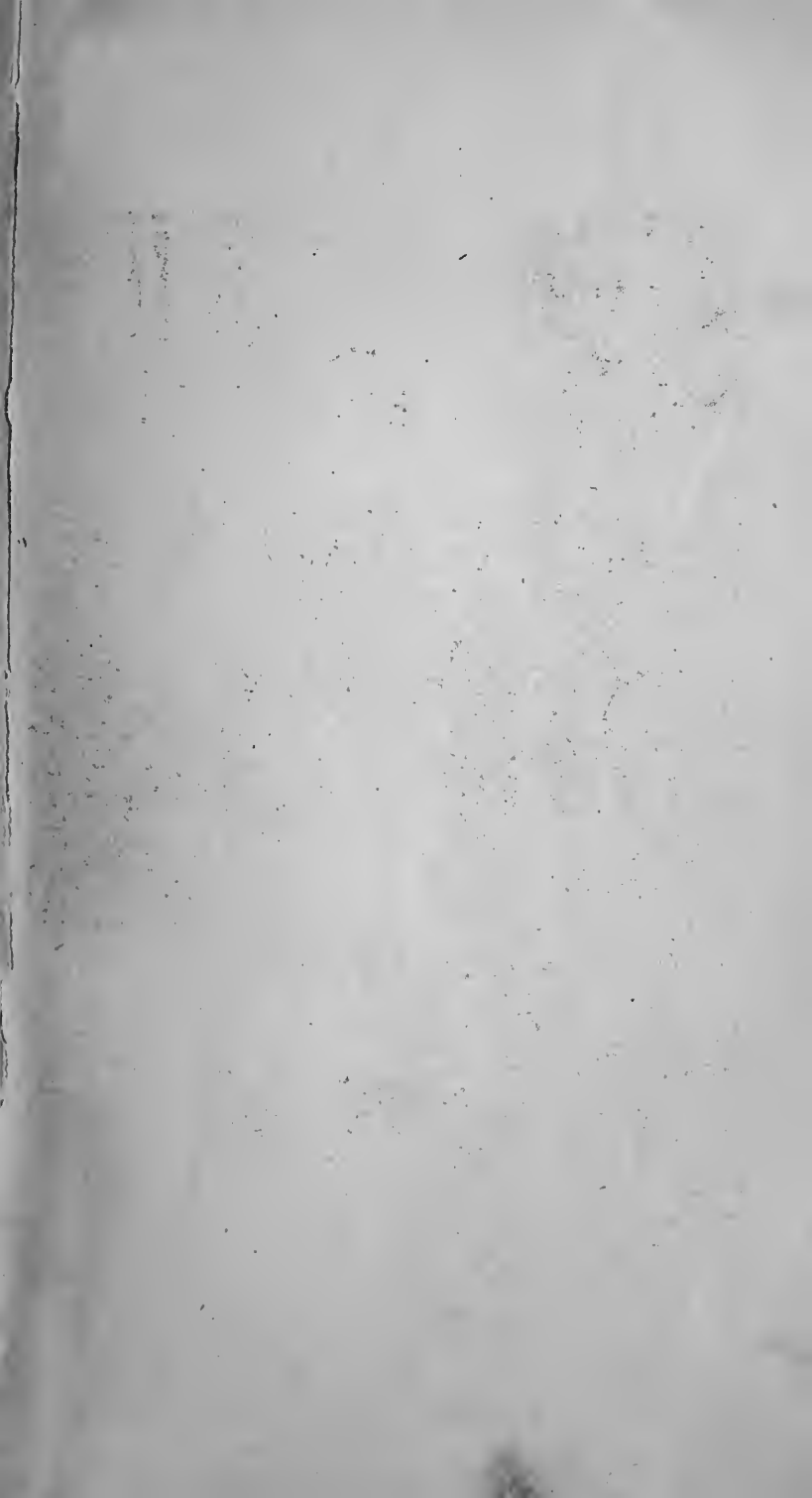
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# SOLD BY HIS WIFE IN MEXICO !

## THE BARD OF MOUNT MADONNA.

"Behold yon simpering dame, whose face between her forks presageth snow ;  
who minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name ; the  
fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to it with a more ravenous appetite.,"—SHAK.

"In venturing ill, we leave to be  
The things we are, for those which we expect ;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity  
For having much, torments us with defect  
Of what we have : so then we do neglect  
The things we have, and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it,"—SHAK.

"Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced."—MILTON.

"I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so vile a thing."—TENNYSON

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San Diego, Cal., April 20th, 1887.

## CHAPTER FIRST.

33  
My hero claims no honored rank—  
He is a humble poet ;  
His life has been almost a blank—  
'Tis sad the world must know it.

A poet's lot is always hard—  
No lot on earth is harder ;  
And no place else can test a bard  
Quicker than Ensenada.

Hardship is oft a blessing, when  
Men choose to so bestow it ;  
Tailors can make good-looking men,  
But hardship makes the poet.

He trembles not at fortune's frown—  
Disaster can't debase him ;  
His wife may clamor for renown—  
That only can disgrace him.

Her fair name he must not "defame"—  
    *That* must be kept untarnished ;  
If he presumes to whisper "shame,"  
    He must at once be banished.

*My* bard has had a sorry time  
    Since he left San Diego ;  
His wife imputes to him a crime  
    Would shame a Winnebago.

The way the jubilee began,  
    (Though he but vaguely guessed it,)  
Reveals a bold and fiendish plan  
    For having him arrested.

Previous developments had shown  
    That she was busy scheming  
To have him driven from the town—  
    *Perhaps* they were but seeming.

She'd tried to send him off elsewhere  
    By some occult devices ;  
But, having failed, in sheer despair  
    She forced a desperate crisis.

On April fifth, then, be it said,  
    (Without a sign of fighting,)  
His wife was lying on a bed,  
    He at a table writing.

As springs the tigress from her lair,  
    She sprang toward the table  
And said, "I'm going to pull your hair  
    As well as I am able."

She snatched the document instead,  
    And to her lair retreated ;  
And he (while no harsh word was said,)  
    Sat still and let her read it.

And here the writing I'll produce—  
    The infamous "defamer ;"  
She's given me a good excuse,  
    And no one seems to blame her.

Editor ———: Dear Sir—It's myself, this time, or, at least, what is supposed to be the "better half" of me. She says she is going to get a "bill" from me, and marry a man in San Diego who is worth half a million. I hope she will succeed with her bill, and "get her work in" on the half-million man; and no doubt she will, if the Governor of Michigan does not head her off; but it would be just like him to veto her bill or stay its execution for five or ten years.

Please do not send any paper containing this to Cadillac, Michigan; otherwise her nice little scheme might get frustrated.

When she had read it through, in spite  
She said, "the world shall know it ;  
For when the boarders come to-night,  
To them I'm going to show it."

He answered, "that I will not stand,"  
And made a dash to sieze it ;  
But she condensed it in her hand,  
And tightly did she squeeze it.

He caught her hand, she caught his hair,  
And shouted for assistance ;  
And his great crime (for I was there)  
Was simply *non-resistance*.

Of course he took the writing back  
By the installment process ;  
But stoutly she refused to slack  
Her hold upon his tresses.

She'd have the boarders wring his neck  
For writing such a letter ;  
No more he'd occupy the deck  
Of his dishonored Etta—  
Dismantled Henrietta !

While thus she held him in her power  
She tried to make him promise  
To leave the town within an hour,  
(But he refused to vamoze)

Else most devoutly she would swear  
That he had tried to slay her,  
And have him placed securely where  
He never could gainsay her—

Placed in the Ensenada jail,  
By Mexicans surrounded,  
Where no entreaty could avail  
To have his case expounded.

Could this be that enchanting dame  
For whose sake he had gone mad—  
Whose ardent letters bore the name  
Of Mrs. E. L. Conrad ?

No—this is Mrs. "Chamberlain,"  
So late of Coronado,  
Who took H. Wentworth's name in vain,  
Then made her escapado.

Who kept the "Union Boarding House,"  
And got so much embarrassed  
Repentantly she begged her spouse  
Would come and help his "dearest."

Who promised him if he would come,  
She ne'er again would leave him ;  
She always *had* been *true* to him—  
She never *would* deceive him.

On Mount Madonna's lovely brow  
She was not well contented ;  
In haste she left—that's when and how  
His ruin she invented.

Like lightning through the poet's mind  
These burning thoughts were flashing ;  
But in his wife he could not find  
One symptom of compassion.

She'd rest herself a little while,  
Then, all at once, would rally,  
And, giving him a fiendish smile,  
Would call aloud for "Sallie."

But Sallie had vamosed to town—  
Still Etta kept on making  
A racket, till success might crown  
Her wicked undertaking.

In vain he counselled her to "hush"—  
For she is no spring chicken—  
And, though he saw what made him blush,  
She did some splendid kicking.

When he released her dexter claw,  
It straightway sought her pocket ;  
So, lest a pistol she might draw,  
He instantly re-took it ;

For she informed him the same day,  
Before this little squabble,  
That she a pistol could display  
In case of any trouble.

One of her boarders, (Mr. ——)  
The weapon had provided,  
Her uncongenial spouse to rout,  
Whene'er she so decided.

She'd carried it a month or more—  
To health 'twas not conducive ;  
He'd better leave the town before  
It spoke in tone conclusive.

And once before, when he assayed  
To speak on the defensive,  
This admonition she conveyed—  
'Tis very comprehensive :

“ There ! Shut your mouth ! if not, your head  
Will have a hole made through it ;  
For I have with me here in bed  
The thing with which to do it.

Failing to coax him off elsewhere  
By lucrative didactics,  
Now, having got him by the hair,  
She had reversed her tactics.

But, though she fain would have him stay,  
She was not superhuman,  
Therefore at last he got away  
From that conspiring woman.

When she, discouraged, let him go,  
He leisurely walked townward ;  
But soon met Mexicanas, two,  
Well-armed, and hasting downward.

One of them wore a silver star,  
And told him to surrender ;  
Of course 'twas not worth while to spar—  
My bard had no defender ;

So he walked with them to the jail  
And past the grinning sentry ;  
Concludes this chapter of my tale  
With that eventful entry.

San Diego, Cal., April 10th, 1887.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

I've never prayed in all my life  
Till now, for inspiration;  
Now I invoke on my false wife  
Eternal condemnation.

O, woman! (if the name belongs  
To such a thing as you are,)  
Dost think that such insulting wrongs  
In silence I'll endure?

Nay, Etta, nay! your brutal deed  
Shall never be forgotten;  
Your infamy shall millions read  
When your vile bones are rotten.

I've been to you a husband true—  
You've made my life unpleasant;  
And now I have received from you  
A dungeon for a present.

You've threatened oft to take my life—  
Which threats I've little heeded;  
But now I almost wish my wife  
Had long ago succeeded.

Wherefore am I put under ban  
And treated with derision,  
Like a convicted highwayman  
In an outlandish prison?

Why is my plea received with scorn  
To see my country's consul?  
Why do they shake their heads and warn  
Me not to use my pencil?

Why am I forced to beg for bread  
Of those who "murderer" brand me,  
And point their carbines when I've said  
*Me tengo mucha hambre?*

Why am I starved in dungeon vile  
Like an accursed hyena—  
My wife and her gallants the while  
Are playing at cassino?

O, question not the tears I shed,  
Nor why my cheeks blush scarlet :  
Must it be said when I am dead  
That Wentworth loved a harlot ?

Must I be branded as a knave,  
And my wife be a lady,  
When I have been her willing slave,  
But would not keep crime shady ?

"I would not be difficult to show  
Why my wife calls me "villain ;"  
She says she has a man in tow  
Who's worth full half a million.

Perhaps she thinks she can suppress  
The man without a dollar,  
And unmolestedly caress  
The *other* foolish fellow—

Perhaps she'll find adventure's stream  
Too wide for her to straddle ;  
And will be forced (spite of her dream)  
Her own canoe to paddle.

Be that, however, as it may,  
I'll go on with my story ;  
I'm bound to give the plot away,  
In spite of shame or glory.

The world shall know of her vile scheme  
To its remotest borders ;  
For I will make her name a theme  
For criminal recorders.

Shame has been oft personified,  
But not, on record, better,  
In this wide world of shameless pride,  
Than by my own false Etta—  
My heartless Henrietta !

Nothing transpired from my arrest  
Till I received my sentence—  
Which I received without protest—  
My prayer was to be *sent hence*.

The "gov'nor" came to my relief—  
A swarthy Mexicana—  
When I found out I'd come to grief  
In this peculiar manner :

“ You’re charged with a most murderous act,  
And also defamation—  
Have been convicted, and, in fact,  
Are doomed to transportation.

Your wife no more will punish you  
For trying to defame her,  
If you from hence agree to go  
Upon to-morrow’s steamer ;

But if you choose not to comply  
With her benign derision,  
You’re liable for life to lie  
In some interior prison.

You cannot see your wife again,  
Save by a guard attended ;  
But, till the boat leaves, may remain  
In town—if well commended.”

A friend that moment chanced to come,  
And my release was granted ;  
A guard went with me to my home  
To get some clothes I wanted.

My anxious wife desired to know  
If I’d received my sentence—  
Austerely grinned, but did not show  
One symptom of repentance.

I told her what I did receive,  
And she was much astonished,  
But said the town I could not leave  
Till I’d been further punished.

The guard went with me back to town,  
But would not there release me ;  
The sooty governor had gone,  
So back in jail he forced me.

My wife called in that afternoon—  
(Angelic sympathizer ! )  
“ You do not know your fate, but soon,”  
She said, “ you will be wiser.”

“ I’ve made your sentence very light,  
You have no cause to blame me ;  
I’m bound to keep my honor bright,  
And let no one defame me.”

"The laws down here are strict and just,  
With them 'tis vain to trifle ;  
So you will understand you must  
Forever cease to cavil.

You'll have to sign a heavy bond  
To leave my name unmentioned—  
Yes, Hiram, from this day beyond  
You're on my mercy pensioned."

The letters she had written me  
Before we were united,  
She boasting said "by force will be  
'Taken ere you've departed."

I told her that those letters were  
Not then in Ensenada—  
Of getting them she must despair—  
Which made her breathe much harder.

She said she'd "have somebody sent  
Right up to San Diego ;  
My purpose she would circumvent  
Before I could away go."

She breathed awhile, and then resumed  
With well-disguised emotion,  
As if I were a demon doomed,  
And she were all devotion :

"Now, If there's aught that I can do,  
Let it not be rejected !  
Poor Hiram ! I do pity you !  
But I must be protected."

And here's the answer which I made  
To her affecting ditty :  
"You are incapable, indeed,  
Of either love or pity."

"Good bye !" she said, her teeth close shut,  
And left as if she meant it.  
Thought I, I never shall get out  
If *lying* can prevent it.

San Diego, April 12th.

### CHAPTER THIRD.

What wonder tears began to flow  
At thoughts of such dishonor—  
Sold by his wife in Mexico,  
The bard of Mount Madonna !

His mind went back to former times,  
Which made him almost frantic ;  
And then he mused : “ I’ll write some rhymes  
Will make this thing romantic.”

And the productions of my pen  
Which now appear on paper,  
Had their conception in that den  
Of filthy smoke and vapor.

Contrasting that infernal jail  
With Mount Madonna’s summit,  
Caused my indignant blood to boil  
And made my stomach vomit.

And shall my wife unpunished go—  
The arch connubial traitor ?  
*No !* By my reputation—*No !*  
I’ll teach the world to hate her.

Nature worked hard six thousand years  
To make my vixen Etta ;  
I’d rather be disgraced by shears  
Than let oblivion get her.

She might have known her fiendish plot.  
For my extermination  
Would prove her passport to the lot  
Of endless execration.

I’ve never grumbled that her face  
Is not a thing of beauty ;  
But, since she’s crowned me with disgrace,  
I shall perform my duty.

Upon her nose the ancient youth  
Has had an operation  
Which caused a hole down through her mouth  
And stopped articulation.

She had to have a new mouth made,  
And teeth therewith connected,  
Without which she would be a jade  
Not very much respected.

Excepting when her mouth is in  
She can't speak—and no wonder—  
Besides, her peaked nose and chin  
Are scarce an inch asunder.

No person, howsoe'er devout,  
Could watch poor Etta coughing  
Until she coughed her new mouth out,  
And keep from inward laughing.

*Then* she could only talk by signs,  
And, were it not too *perverse*,  
I'd write some interesting lines  
Describing her manœuvres.

To do her justice, I must say  
My wife's an expert feinter ;  
I've known her feint six times a day,  
And find fault the remainder.

She used to live in Cadillac—  
Her friends will recognize her ;  
Without expense she can go back  
After I advertise her.

She claims to be a "Johnny Bull,"  
Of notable extraction ;  
Her *conduct* points toward some pool  
Of moral putrification.

Religion is *another* scheme  
By which she seeks promotion ;  
But if religion is no dream,  
O, what will be her portion ?

She's hypocritical throughout,  
From blood heat down to zero ;  
And there is not the slightest doubt  
She's wilted many a hero.

How oft I've held her in my arms,  
Moved by her fond professions,  
And tried to analyze her charms  
In spite of prepossessions.

She often said she wished that I  
    Could love as much as she did ;  
I fondly told her I would try.  
    I hope I have succeeded.

She said I ne'er could realize  
    The depth of her affection ;  
But I have ascertained its size—  
    Its height, depth and complexion.

When once her love she had vouchsafed,  
    She could not countermand it ;  
It mattered not how much it chafed,  
    Her victim had to stand it.

In philosophic state of mind  
    I heard this declaration,  
Determined I would be resigned  
    To my strange situation.

But *this* is Ensenada jail,  
    And *that* was Mount Madonna ;  
'Tis now too late to countervail  
    My wite's unblemished honor.

She's proved exactly what she is—  
    There's no mistake about it ;  
And, by the time I've finished this,  
    No one who reads will doubt it.

Before she made this final show  
    Of her excessive pity,  
She tried to force me straight to go  
    To Mississippi City.

She had some true friends living there,  
    To whom she would commend me ;  
She'd raise the coin to pay my fare—  
    She *knew* they would befriend me.

She'd come, when I got "settled down,"  
    And be my "little wifey."  
I didn't go—her friends might frown,  
    Or take my little life.

To get my life insured she'd try ;  
    And when I asked her wherefore :  
"Why, dear, supposing you should die,  
    Who would your baby care for?"

Another tale I will unfold,  
And then subside contented :  
I don't ask Michigan for gold,  
Whatever Etta's hand did.

If false or true, I can't say which—  
Truth does not oft decoy her—  
She said she threw on Mrs. Fitch  
Some vitriol, to destroy her ;

And that a large amount would be  
Paid for her apprehension.  
'Tis immaterial to me—  
The yarn I merely mention.

The thing transpired in Cadillac  
Two years ago last autumn ;  
She's oft been on the sheriff's track,  
And *once* she nearly caught him.

The seventh sun of April rose  
To find my bard impatient ;  
For it was whispered by its foes  
He would be far away sent.

He must be sent where he could be  
Deprived of tools to write with ;  
His wife had won their sympathy—  
Her wish must be complied with.

The fellow is insane, no doubt—  
He *may* do something awful ;  
It isn't *safe* to let him out—  
In fact, it isn't *lawful*.

But, after consultation, they  
Agreed I might that day go  
(If I would never come that way  
Again) to San Diego.

I'd paid in on some lots I bought  
About two hundred dollars :  
Burnstein returned it, as he ought—  
Of *him* I am not jealous.

The day wore on—I paced the jail  
In doubt, with arms akimbo,  
And often muttered, "This is hell—  
Why am I still in limbo ?"

'Twas nearly time the boat should sail—  
My nerves were quite unsteady ;  
'There was no chance to take leg bail—  
The prospect was most shady.

So I began to bluster round  
And show my independence ;  
'The captain of the guard was found  
Who soon enforced my sentence.

'The guard again went to my house—  
My trunk was packed instanter ;  
My wife was ready for a touse,  
But I'd no time to banter.

Her grief she scarcely could endure  
Because I had her picture.  
(A steel engraving I'll procure  
To help my rhyme convict her.)

"Now both of us are fancy-free,  
Why would you still retain it ?  
*Of course* you'll send it back to me—  
I'm *sure* you'll not profane it ?"

"Good bye," she said, but I did not—  
I chose to say it later ;  
And (mistress of her chosen lot)  
I dropped my hot potato.

We made good time toward the boat—  
My trunk between us bringing ;  
And when I found myself afloat,  
I scarce could keep from singing.

I didn't quarrel with my luck  
Of getting "transportation ;"  
I came the nearest being stuck  
I have since my creation.

No stupid fiction I create  
To make my readers drowsy ;  
In chapter four I shall relate  
How I came to be lousy.

San Diego, April 15.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

I scarce had to my berth retired  
Ere I in dream-land rambled ;  
My wife against my life conspired  
And in my ruin gambled.

Again I heard the brazen hag  
In bold defiance cackle :  
“ The goose which lays the golden egg  
No *poor* man shall enshackle.”

She's been emboldened by success  
Till nothing will appease her  
But my unqualified disgrace  
And some rich harlot-squeezer.

Because her mischief-making friends  
(She claims) are rich and many,  
I cannot thwart her fiendish ends,  
For friends, I have not any.

She fails to reckon on my pen—  
A vast immortal treasure  
Which laughs at gold, and loudest when  
It waits on Wentworth's pleasure.

Her record she cannot efface—  
'Tis doomed to live forever ;  
The man whom she would fain debase,  
Defies her vain endeavor.

She's left no artifice untried  
Which promised to degrade me ;  
She's lied, and schemed, and schemed, and lied,  
And finally betrayed me.

But Etta's lust-begotten trick  
With me to play the devil,  
May prove the grand climacteric  
In her career of evil.

When I went home one week ago,  
She had her plan digested ;  
'Twas very simple —yes or no —  
Leave here, or be arrested.

She had conjectures (quite abstruse)  
I'd better travel southward ;  
Perhaps her friends might "cook my goose,"  
If I should journey northward.

To seek my fortune in the mines  
She often did advise me ;  
Fortune cuts up all sorts of shines—  
No doubt she would surprise me.

I never would get aught to do  
Loafing round Ensenada ;  
And she and I would soon be two—  
*Then* I must work much harder.

There everybody hated me,  
And not without good reason ;  
If I remained there, I'd soon be  
Convicted of wife-treason.

She didn't *want* my patronage—  
I'd covered her with vermin ;  
And she, with well-dissembled rage,  
Declared she would extermin-

Ate the lousy poet who had brought  
Creepers from San Diego ;  
She one of them that day had caught  
Crawling way up her leg—Oh !

And on her *elsewhere* she had found  
No fewer than a dozen !  
No ! gracious ! no ! she'd not be bound  
To such a lousy person !

So I protested there and then—  
"Those lice—I never brought them ;  
I to no unclean place have been  
Wherefrom I could have caught them."

"That matters not—no other way  
They ever could have got here ;  
Therefore no longer you shall stay  
(If you do, I shall not) here !"

I stripped my clothing off and found  
Thereon three lusty crawlers,  
Which proves that I had ample ground  
To gamble dimes and dollars

That I was innocent of what  
My wife imposed upon me,  
And that 'twas but another plot  
Away from home to run me.

The lice war she herself begun,  
With mischief-making license,  
Then beat my lice count four to one,  
And beat her own device hence.

And, furthermore, let it be said,  
(Not to encourage wonder)  
Since my return, in our wide bed  
We had slept far asunder.

Two weeks away is quite a spell—  
With smiles my wife should greet me ;  
She kept aloof, though, strange to tell,  
As though she didn't need me.

That evening the insidious dame,  
With mystical demeanor,  
Said, "Come, boys, let us have a game,  
Four-handed, at cassino."

"I'll choose for my pard Mr. A. ;  
Let Mr. S. take Hiram ;  
Of course they don't know how to play,  
But we can soon inspire 'em."

"We want to have a little fun,  
And therefore we'll excuse them ;  
We'll show them, though, ere we have done,  
How much we can amuse them."

We'd not been playing very long  
Ere I saw mischief hatching ;  
At first I noticed nothing wrong  
Save energetic scratching.

First Etta's pard would scratch a while,  
Then they'd both scratch in concert ;  
Then at each other they would smile—  
Myself they next would glance at.

"I wonder who can tell the price  
Of this infernal itching ?  
Perhaps it is—it *can't* be—lice !  
I wonder if 'tis catching ?"

“There is a *cause* for everything—  
There’s nothing that can miss one ;  
If ridicule has any sting,  
We’ll prove the cause of *this* one.”

They kept it up for half an hour,  
And I did not disturb them ;  
At last my temper got quite sour,  
And I thought best to curb them.

“ ’Tis hardly worth while to make game  
Of a few harmless vermin ;  
*They’re here*, of course, but how they came,  
Please let events determine.”

“There! Mr. Wentworth, that’s enough—  
Your doom is now decided ;  
I will not live with such a rough—  
You ought to be raw-hided !”

The game went on for quite a while,  
Which I kept closely watching,  
But witnessed not another smile,  
And there was no more scratching.

But when together in our room  
Her tongue resumed its clanging,  
And most perversely did she fume  
While she her hair was banging.

And evermore until I’m dead  
My memory will retain her,  
Just as she sat there on the bed  
Grinning like a hyena.

My bard awoke and gazed around—  
Astonishment defied him ;  
But he was happy when he found  
His wife was not beside him.

’Twas but a dream of what had past—  
A vivid and a true one—  
Of Etta’s victim—not her last—  
She soon will have a new one.

Who holds her in his arms to-night ?  
Perhaps his name is Legion ;  
I hope he’ll keep her honor bright  
And varnish her religion.

I do not envy him his bliss—  
He'll find it ever fleeting ;  
Just when he thinks he's 'where it is,  
'Twill be elsewhere retreating.

No one can blame my jilted bard  
For these enforced reflections ;  
He sends them broadcast forth to guard  
His wife's insidious actions.

Injustice she can never get  
Save on the score of mercy ;  
Her wicked conduct I regret—  
Would it were *vice versa*.

Against myself I must rebel  
And seem to be inhuman,  
When my life-prayer has been to dwell  
In love with some true woman.

O, why should such sad fate be mine—  
To wed a vile imposter ?  
Why should a poet's love divine  
Be doomed to such disaster ?

My bard tried to excuse his shame,  
But grief his effort chided ;  
And therefore at the bar of fame  
His case must be decided.

The letters spoken of elsewhere  
Will every one be printed ;  
The trial must be fair and square,  
And properly presented.

Yes, Mrs. Conrad I will show  
In all her pious splendor ;  
I can't afford to let her go  
Without a good off-sender.

To almost any trick or trade  
She can with ease adapt her ;  
But 'tis her forte to ensenade\* [*\*ensnare*]  
Men with religious rapture.

I'm almost dead from want of sleep  
And from severe vexation ;  
Therefore (my readers must not weep)  
I'll take a short vacation.

San Diego, April 18th.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

But Wentworth scarce had shuffled off  
Life's heavy load of lumber  
Before the boat dropt in a trough  
To countermand his slumber,

And, thrown abruptly on his head,  
'Till reason told me better,  
I thought he'd been kicked out of bed  
By my perfidious Etta.

But when I found he could not stand  
The boat was so unsteady,  
I took his clothing in my hand  
And we for hell made ready.

I was the first to get on deck,  
And, far from being frantic,  
I didn't even think of wreck,  
The scene was so romantic.

The white waves chased the little boat .  
As wolves a scared jack rabbit ;  
Some tried to sieze her by the throat,  
But, somehow, couldn't grab it.

The boat is little, but she's brave :  
Applause I could not smother  
When she would swallow one big wave  
And jump to catch another.

I who but yesterday did prove  
My wife a treacherous schemer,  
Was then (confound my luck) in love  
With that bewitching steamer.

I sat entranced and held my breath—  
The waves were growing bolder,  
And one fierce white cap snapped his teeth  
Directly o'er my shoulder.

Although the wind did not increase,  
The false Pacific ocean  
Showed not the slightest sign of peace,  
But raged with wild commotion.

Point Loma dawned upon the scene,  
And soon we passed his portal ;  
Then everything became serene—  
The waves refused to sport all.

I drew one long, inspiring breath  
And audibly reflected :  
“ I have been colonized to death,  
But now I'm resurrected !”

Wentworth will be himself again  
In spite of opposition :  
He can't be snuffed out till his pen  
Accomplishes its mission.

Now I am out of Mexico,  
In Uncle Sam's dominions,  
My wife and all the world shall know  
My long-suppressed opinions.

“ Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,”  
And promenade on tiptoe ;  
But Ensenada, let no man  
Who has a false wife, ship to.

She'll sell him to some Mexican,  
And they will take the money  
And go somewhere to spend a moon  
Improperly called “honey.”

In Mexico an Englishman  
Is very much respected ;  
But no “accursed American”  
May hope to be protected.

No self-respecting man will stay  
And listen to a lingo  
Which, be his conduct what it may,  
Still brands him as a “gringo.”

The Mexicans owe us a grudge,  
And they will interdict us  
Till we give them another nudge  
And teach them to respect us.

The day is not far distant when  
Old Mex will burn her fingers  
By fooling round the quiet men  
Whom she derides as “gringos.”

As I was twenty years ago,  
    (In love with glorious trifles,)  
I'd like to march through Mexico  
    Backed by ten thousand rifles.

I'm not in love with trifles now—  
    My head is getting hoary ;  
But this damned pen must crown my brow  
    With something—shame or glory.

But for my pen, I'd never had  
    'This matrimonial trouble ;'  
It seems omnipotently bad  
    And impotently noble.

I won my wife without a thought  
    But sentimental rapture ;  
If I had known the thing I caught,  
    There would have been no capture.

I'd not have been where now I am  
    Directed by a blind sight.  
My foresight isn't worth a damn,  
    But I've a splendid hindsight.

A dunce, when first he's "taken in,"  
    Is simply to be pitied ;  
But if he plays the fool again,  
    He ought to be committed.

From boyhood I had longed to be  
    Connubially mated—  
To climb the matrimonial tree  
    And be domesticated.

I've been unmercifully lunched  
    On desiccated bacon ;  
My check for happiness is punched,  
    And soon will be re-taken.

I seek not friends—I fear not foes—  
    I'd scorn to borrow splendor ;  
And, when I take fate by the nose,  
    It means she must surrender.

Henceforth my "darling" shall not rest,  
    No matter where she hides her ;  
To ruin me she's done her best,  
    And now my wrath abides her.

To-day she came from Mexico,  
Escorted by a greaser;  
She hurried northward just as though  
She feared the law would seize her.

Of course I could imprison her,  
But I've no inclination;  
To punish Etta I prefer  
With healthy moral suasion.

O, language! would that thou wert rich  
As I am persevering,  
I'd carry rhyme to such a pitch  
'Twould magnetize the hearing.

O, Etta! would that thou wert true  
As I am unrelenting,  
I'd make the wide world worship you  
Instead of reprehending.

O, Virtue! if on this vile sod  
Thou hast a being real,  
Command me! I will worship God—  
For thou art my Ideal.

O, Freedom! hide your head and shun  
The glorious light of heaven.  
Shame! that such sooty deeds are done  
In eighteen eighty-seven.

Ah! vainly might I wail my wrong  
And curse my vile deceiver,  
If (as immortal as my song)  
My shame must last forever;

But since perfidious Etta's shame  
I *must* stoop to contend with,  
I shall exonerate the name—  
The fame of Hiram Wentworth.

As I have neither time nor room  
In this short publication  
To twine a wreath for Etta's tomb,  
I'll save my inspiration;

And, muttering a solemn vow  
To cancel all reproaches,  
I, (with a grim, sarcastic bow)  
Will say *buenas noches*.

HIRAM WENTWORTH.

San Diego, Cal., April 20th, 1887.

The following letter, which I received at the Gilroy postoffice on or about the 10th of last January, does not require much comment from me. Justice Long is a resident of Cadillac, Michigan, at which place my wife has, in several of her splenetic moods, confessed the commission of a penitentiary offense two years ago last autumn. The day before I received the letter, I had shipped all of our household goods from Gilroy to Monterey, with the intention of going to Monterey two days later and re-shipping them and going with them by boat to San Diego. After receiving the letter which follows, I had the goods stored about two weeks in Monterey, being in doubt what to do with them. In the mean time I wrote several letters to San Diego to learn more particulars of my wife's arrest; but none of her friends knew anything about it, and I was informed that she was still in San Diego. Finally she wrote me a note herself, saying she begged Captain Ingalls to put her off the Ranger at the Coronado Islands, whence, after one week's absence, she returned to Coronado Beach. Before receiving her letter, I had made arrangements to join the Topolobampo colony, and for that purpose had again shipped our goods to San Francisco. At her earnest entreaty I immediately went with them to San Diego, and shortly after to Ensenada, Mexico. While in Ensenada, she informed me that the account of her arrest was all a hoax, gotten up by herself and her partner, M—— E——, to keep me from coming to San Diego; but her partner soon "went back" on her, and then she wanted me to come. When she last threatened to get a bill from me, (she has made the same threat at short intervals ever since we were first married) I reminded her that I had some letters in my possession which would be very strong evidence against her, if I saw fit to produce them; to which she replied: "Why, you poor old fool, I'd go right up on the witness stand and swear I never wrote them."

Steamship Ranger, San Diego, Cal., Jan. 7th, 1887,

MY DARLING—Out of great tribulation I write to you once again. I was arrested last night at the instigation of Justice Long, and taken quietly to the New Carleton Hotel; and they locked me in a room with a keeper on the outside. I had a corner room in the second story, near the fire escape. I made up my mind I would escape or die in the attempt; so I started on my perilous voyage through the air. I made a more rapid than safe descent until I reached the window directly under mine, when I had the good or bad fortune to awake the occupants of the room; and I soon heard the window rise, and a man's hand grasped me in an iron grip. I had presence of mind enough not to speak, neither did he until the window was down and the curtain drawn; then he bade me look toward the bed. I looked, and there sat a little woman about my size, and she had me well covered with a revolver, and all she said was, "Explain your conduct, and that quickly." I explained and told her the truth just as it was. She was very brief in her remarks, simply saying, "Captain Ingalls, when does the Ranger leave port?" His answer was, "At half-past four in the morning, on account of the tide." She—Mrs. Ingalls—then said, "This woman must go with me as my maid, instead of Susie," having reference to a colored girl in the next room. So here I am out at sea while my keeper thinks me sound asleep in my room. I send you this letter through the Captain's hands by a tug boat, which will leave us in one half hour. The Captain was averse to my writing to you until we had been at sea some time; but, my darling, I could not sail out onto an unknown sea and leave him whom I do love so dearly in suspense. O, Hiram! why did I ever cross your path to make you more lonely and unhappy than you have ever been? O, my dear husband, forgive me for the last cruel letter I wrote you—but I couldn't help it when you reflected on my character and Judge ——. But pray, forgive me, my love, and receive the love and undying love of your poor outcast wife. O, Hiram! I hold out my poor hands to you and cry, "Forgive! Forgive!" Will, we ever meet again? Probably not, I fear. O, can I give you up eternally? I do not think I can live long without you. Forget me and forgive me if you can. I will write to you just as soon as it is safe—if it ever is. I do not know our destination, but know it is either Adelaide or Sidney, New South Wales. I expect to be in Australia or New South Wales in about 197 days. Good bye, and God bless you, my darling—my husband—my love. One million kisses—kisses!





*Paragraphs from a letter to my Wife, dated Mount  
Madonna, December 19th, 1886.*

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It is both amusing and painful to note the curious blunders which creep into your letters. You say—"I do not worship gold. I would be very glad if *we* had enough of it to make *me* comfortable; but above that, I would not care for it." A pen is a treacherous and dangerous thing in the hand of a person who writes from motives of policy, and often reveals the very object which was intended to be concealed. Were your pen writing the dictates of a heart overflowing with love, it would not be apt to commit such a blunder as the one I have just pointed out.

There are several queer expressions in your letters on which I have made no comment; but they have all made impressions on my mind which were not essential to our future happiness. I mention this fact for your own benefit, and hope you will profit by it. Let your pen write only what your heart dictates. *Let your heart be mine*, without any hair-cutting ifs or gold-plated ands. Let your actions prove what your words avow, and there will be no more misunderstandings, no more disgraceful quarrels, no more suicidal blunders. The contemplation of suicide *even by the most approved methods* is anything but pleasant; in fact the self-destruction of a useful person, *by any means*, is an unnatural spectacle at which all our mental faculties revolt; but the *climax* of repulsiveness is only attained when some woman of pleasing accomplishments and lovable qualities goes awkwardly and persistently at work to cut her throat with a pen.